In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on eyther ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt Horſe?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkeſt thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He ſheweth*
This found I one my Tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, our ſwords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd, *to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcols, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of *Britaines*, and baſe Iackey Peſants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beautious wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues.
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare there Drum,

Fight

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly Yeomen
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head.
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welking with your broken ſtaues,
What ſayes Lord *Stanley* will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord he doth deny to come.
Kin. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the marſh,
After the battell let *George Stanley* dye.
Kin. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſ
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory ſits on our helmes.
Alarum excurſions. Enter Catesby.
Cat. Reſcew my Lord of *Norfolke*, reſcew, reſcew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring and oppoſite to euery danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Reſcew faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter*
Kin. A horſe, a horſe, my Kingdome for a horſe.
Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*, ile helpe you to a h
Kin. Slaue I haue ſet my liſe vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazzard of the die,
I thinke there be ſixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day inſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my Kingdome for a horſe,
Alarum. Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight,
ſlaine, then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richm
bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.
Rich. God and your armes be prayſed victorio
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well haſt thou ac
Loe here this long vſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of Heauen ſay Amen to all